F. R. MYERS, Gen. Pas. & Ticket Agent. Atlantic & Great Western RAILROAD,

Great Broad - Gauge Route BETWEEN THE East and the West Winter Arrangement, Nov. 3, 1873. (Eastward.) STATIONS. || No. 2. | No. 12. Boston via New York 6.20 4.50 *

No. 2, EXPHESS, (Daily, Sunday excepted), Sleeping Coach from Cinclinant to New York. Passongers can secure berths in this chach through the train conductor. This train also permiss a day view on the entire length of the Susquehann and Delaware Division of; the Eric Railway, embracing the most romantic scenery upon the continent.

No. 12, EXPRESS, Daily. To this train is nitached a SLEEPING COACH, which runs through to New York without change. A first class passenger car is also run through to New York without change, by this train, for the accommedation of those who do not desire alcoping coach location. No extra charge for seats in this through car.

For further information as to time, fare and connections, apply to the local agent, asking this train and the connections and the connections of the connection of the Country of the Country of the Country of the Local agent, asking the STERN BROAD GAUGE ROUTE.

No "stop-over" allowed upon local tickets. Local passengers must purchase tickets to their first stopping place, and may then repurchase from that point to destination.

W. B. SHATTHIC.

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No. 1. No. 2. No. 5.
Acc'm. Clin. Ex. Loc. Ft.
Colambus, 12,00 m
Westerville, 12,35 pm.
Galena, 12,55 's
Sanbury, 1,62 's
Condit, 1,15 's
Centerburg, 1,23 's
Mt. Liberty, 1,47 's
Mt. Vernoa, 2,10 's 6,40 a m
Gamisler, 2,20 's 7,10 's
Howard, 2,44 's 7,25 's
Danville, 3,00 's 8,65 's
Gans, 3,16 's 8,30 's
Black Creek, 3,49 's 9,30 's
Killback, 46 's 46 's 45 's
Holomesville, 5,45 's 4,72 's 11,05 's
Frederickly g, 5,58 's 5,98 's 2,25 's
Cinton, 2,38 's 6,68 's 2,55 's
New Fortage, 7,53 's 6,24 's 4,53 's
Cuyl'ga Falls 8,32 's
Going South. The First National Bank GOING SOUTH.

No. 15. No. 5. No. 4.
Accim. Loc. Ft. Clev. Ex.

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Holmesville,
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A Political and Family Journal, Devoted to the Interests of Holmes County, and Local and General Intelligence.

Series, Vol. XXX.

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MILLERSBURG, HOLMES COUNTY, O., THURSDAY, FEB. 26, 1874.

Sorios. Vol. IV, No. 28.

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PROVISION STORE DRS. POMERENE & WISE, "HYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, MILLER: burg, Ohio. Office Hours -- Wednesday from 1 to 5 o'clock P. M., and on Saturday from 9 o'clock A. M. to 5 o'clock P. M. 34ti CHARLES HOSE W. C. STOUT, M. D. HAVING PURCHASED THE GROCERY and Provision Store of C. F. Leety, Mair UCCESSOR OF E. BARNES, M. D., ECLEC-tic Physician and Surgeon, Oxford, Holmes Connty, Ohio. Special attention given to Chronic and Female Diseases. Consultation free. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M., on Tuesdays and Saturdays.

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Millersburg. O., Aug. 1, 1871. 60tf

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C. D. BEEGLE, PLASTERER Work warranted. All orders promptly ex-cuted. Orders to be left at J. MULVANE"

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The Singer Man 40,000moremachines than any other com-pany. Sold for cash or good promissory notes, or for monthly oayments. Oils, Nec-dies and attachments text on band.

Machines kept at Negelpach's Store. WM.:DOMER, Agent, MILLERSBURG, O.

A. WAITS. Fashionable Tailor HAS JUST RECEIVED THE

Spring and Summer Styles FOR 1873. n his New Room, One Door West of Bird'

Work Warranted to Fit! And made in the Latest and Most Approve I am still Agent for the Singer Sewing Machine!

And keep Needles and Oil, of the best quality for sale. Call and sec me. NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the Capartner ship heretofore existing under the arm nam of Mecker & Burnett, was, on the 1st day o September, 1873, dissolved by mutual consent The business will be carried on, as heretofore

STEPHEN HECKER. ANDREW BURNETT 25w3 January 30th, 1874. GEORGE SCHNORR,

DEALER IN Family Groceries,

Main Street, Millersburg, O. IISAMPLES FREE!! the mountains.

The SATURDAY ENENING POST, 319 Waiten, or when in the city don't forget the place of several to Large Golden Chair, 45, 48 and 48 and 48 several to Large Golden Chair, 45, 48 and 48 several to Large Golden Chair, 45, 48 and 48 several to Charles and Place of the Large Golden Chair, 45, 48 and 48 several to Large Golden Chair, 45, 48 and 48 several to Large Golden Chair, 45, 48 and 48 several to Large Golden Chair, 45, 48 and 48 several to Large Golden Chair, 45, 48 and 48 several to Large Golden Chair, 45, 48 and 48 several to Large Golden Chair, 45, 48 and 48 several to Large Golden Chair, 45, 48 and 48 several to Large Golden Chair, 45, 48 and 48 several to Large Golden Chair, 45, 48 and 48 several to Large Golden Chair, 45, 48 and 48 several to Large Golden Chair, 45, 48 and 48 several to Large Golden Chair, 45, 48 and 48 several to Large Golden Chair, 45, 48 and 48 several to Large Golden Chair, 45, 48 and 48 several to Large Golden Chair, 45, 48 and 48 several to Large Golden Chair, 45, 48 and 48 several to Large Golden Chair, 45, 48 and 48 several to Large Golden Chair, 45, 48 and 48 several to Large Golden Chair, 45, 48 and 48 several to Large Golden Chair, 45, 48 and 48 several to Large Golden Chair, 45, 48 and 48 several to Large Golden Chair, 45, 48 and 48 several to Large Golden Chair, 45, 48 and 48 several to Large Golden Chair, 45, 48 and 48 several to Large Golden Chair, 45, 48 and 48 several to Large Golden Chair, 45, 48 and 48 several to Large Golden Chair, 45, 48 and 48 several to Large Golden Chair, 47, 48 and 48 several to Large Golden Chair, 48 several to Large Golden Chair,

PROVISIONS, &c.

A CURIOUS LITERARY PRODUCTION, the old man said, though the scene is as and buried his face in his hands, as The following is one of the most remarkabl

compositions ever written. It evinces an inge-nuity particularly its own. The Initial letters spell'My Boast is the Glorious Cross of Christ,' the words in Italia, when read on the left hand

or complete:

Make known the gospel truth our King,
Yield up thy grace, dear Father from abov
Bless us with hearts which feeling can sing,
"Our life thou art for eser, God of Love,"
Assuage our grief is love for Christ, we pray,
Since the Prince of Heorem and Glery died,
Took all our sins, and hallowed the display.
Infant being, first a man, and then was err
cifed,
Stupendous God! thy grace and power mal
known:

cified.

Stupendous Gold thy grace and power maknown:
In Jeans' name let all the world rejoice.

Now labor in thy heavenly bingdom own—
That blessed kingdom for the saints the choice of the saints the saints of the sa

THE OLD MAN'S STORY A Tale of the Temperance Re

I shall never forget the commence ment of the temperance reform. I was a child at the time, of some ten years of age. Our home had every comfort, and my parents idolized me, their child. Vine was often on the table, and both my father and mother frequently gave t to me in the bottom of a glass. One Sunday at church, a startling a

nouncement was made to our people. I knew nothing of its import, but there was much whispering among the men The pastor said that on the next evening there would be a meeting and an address upon the evils of intemperance in the use of alcoholic drinks. He expressed himself ignorant of the object of the meeting, and could not say what ourse it would be best to pursue in the

natter. The subject of the meeting came up ioned my father about it with the eageress of a child. The whispered words which had been dropped in my hearing ne, and I was all eagerness to the same

My father said it was some scheme to nite church and State. The night came, and the troops of and I heard the jest and laugh, and saw drunken men reeling out of the baroom. I urged my father to let me go, but he refused. Finally, thinking it

and around him was a number of his of the term. Yet there is a light in my continued to come in, until there was a smiles upon him who again turns back fair house full. All were curiously to virtue and honor. The child angel to virtue and honor. The child angel watching the door, wondering what visits me at nightfall, and I feel the They looked for a moment into each would next appear. The pastor stole in hallowing touch of a tiny hand upon and took a seat behind a pillar under my feverish cheek. My brave boy, if gasped: the gallery, as if doubtful of the pro- he yet lives, would forgive the sorrow-

priety of being there at all. eral stillness pervaded the house. The men were unlike in appearance

clergyman a full round face and quiet, emotion. good-natured look, as he leisurely look-

d round the audience. was white, his brow deeply seamed with injured so deeply." furrows, and around his handsome mouth, lines of calm, touching sadness. bility and affluence, I plunged into deg-His eye was black and restless, and radation and poverty. I dragged my kindled as the tayern keeper uttered a family down with me. For years I saw low jest aloud. His lips were com- her checks pale, and her steps grow

wide, deep scar over his right eye. The younger finally arose and stated bread." the object of their meeting, and asked

haled his breath through his thin di- hair." lated nostrils. To me, at that time there like that of death throughout the him to her embrace.

church. nd kindled for half a moment. The sear grew red upon his forehead

vivid before me as any I ever witnessed. if to shut out some fearful dream, "My friends! I am a stranger in and his deep chest heaved like a storm

country." With a thrilling depth of voice, the ed I was at home. The old man indeed editor had not been invited to the ball peaker continued: "O, God, thou that lookest with comassion upon the most erring of earth's a human face as there was on his.

hildren, I thank thee that a brazen "It was morning when I awoke, and The Major, accompanied by his better expent has been lifted, upon which the storm had ceased, and the cold was beacon has burst out upon the dark- ter, and then looked in the accustomed ture of the image. On learning that ness that surrounds him, which shall place for Mary. As I missed her for the lady was the one he had described some time, a shadowy sense of some horrible nightmare began to dawn upon guide back to honor and to heaven the bruised and weary wanderer." It is strange what power there is in my wandering mind. I thought I had some voices. The speaker was slow a fearful dream, but involuntarily openand unmoved, but a tear trembled in ed the outside door with a shuddering

brushed one from his owneye and con- the snow and striking with a sharp, bad apologized!" "Men and Christians. You have just eard that I was a vagrant and fanatic. through my veins, and I rubbed my heart, I came here to do good. Hear God, how horrible, it was my own in-

me, and be just:"

"I am an old man and standing alone The ever-true mother had bowed herat the end of life's journey; there is a self over the child to shield it, and her sorrow in my heart, and tears in my own person stark and bare to the eyes. I have journeyed over a dark and storm." beaconless ocean, and all life's hopes have been wrecked. I am without friends, home or kindred upon earth, and look with longing to the rest of the was white in its half-opened eyes and night of death. Without friends, kin- upon its tiny fingers. I do not know dred, or home! It was not so once." No one could stand the pathos of the old man. I noticed a tear trembling on the lid of my father's eye, and I was no

ore ashamed of my own. "No, my friends it was not so once! Away over the dark waves which have wrecked my hopes, there is a blessed light of happiness and home; I read again convulsively for the shrines of the household idels that once were, but are mine no more."

The old man seemed looking through fancy at some bright vision, his lips apart and his fingers extended. I involuntarily looked in the direction t our table after service, and I ques- where it was pointed, dreading to see some shadow invoked by its move-

ments.
"I had once a mother. With her heart the grave. I once had a wife-a fair old man then asked the audience to than they could bring home through gentle creature as ever smiled in an sign the pledge. My father leaped from the woods, and were consequently obearthly home. Her eyes as mild as a his seat and snatched at it eagerly. I liged to leave some, but with a detersummer sky, and her heart as faithful had followed him, and as he hesitated mination that they would visit the pond and true as ever guarded a husband's people gathered on the tavern steps, love. Her blue eyes grew dim as the fell from the old man's eye on the pafloods of sorrow washed away their per. brightness, and the living heart was wrung until every fiber was broken. I would sign it; I would write my name day, but could not find the pond, and it Men may call this an improvement, and had once a noble, a brave and beautiwould be an innocent gratification of ful boy, but he was driven out from would bring back my loved and lost my curiesity, he put on his hat and we the ruins of his home and my old heart ones." passed across the green to the church. yearns to know if he yet lives. I once My father wrote "Mortimer Hudson. I remember well how the people aphad a babe—a sweet tender blossom, The old man looked, wiped his countepeared as they came in, seeming to
but my own hand destroyed it, and it
peared as they came in, seeming to
but my own hand destroyed it, and it
paleness. "De not be startled friends; I am not

a murderer in the common acceptation riends. sky. A spirit mother rejoices over the For an hour the people of the place return of the prodigal son. The wife Two men finally came in, and went drove him into the world, and the blow

ing old man for the treatment which to the altar, and took their seats. All that maimed him for life. God forgive eyes were fixed upon them, and a gen- me for the ruin I have brought upon me and mine." He again wiped a tear from his eye me being short and thick set in build, My father watched him with a strange

the other tall and well formed. The interest, and with a countenance unuyounger had the manner and dress of a sually pale and excited by strange

"I once was a fanatic, and madly followed the malign light which led me to ers I ever heard. The spell was broken But my childish interest was all in ruin. I was a fanatic when I sacrificed the old man. His broad, deep chest, my wife, children, happiness and home, and unusual height; looking gaunt- to the accursed demon of the bowl. I like as he strode up the aisle. His hair once adored the gentle being whom I "I was a drunkard. From respects

pressed, and a crimson flush went and weary. I left her alone amid the wreck me over his pale cheek. One arm was of her home idols, and rioted at the off above the elbow, and there was a tavern. She never complained yet she faction of the public who the man in and the children were hungry for the Iron Mask, was, but generations to

if there was a clergyman present to late to the hut where charity had given thing worse than a mask recently. His open with a prayer.

Our pastor kept his seat, and the ing over the coals. I demanded food, speaker himself made a short prayer, but she burst into tears and teld me and then made a short address, at the there was none. I flercely ordered her conclusion calling upon any one pres- to get some. She turned her eyes sad- it on his head. Another boy gave it a ent to make remarks.

The paster rose under the gallery, and attacked the position of the speak
it on his head. Another boy gave it a blow and it shut down over Dick's face as closely as a clam in his shell, one of the manual attacked the position of the speak
it on his head. Another boy gave it a blow and it shut down over Dick's face as closely as a clam in his shell, one of the "ears" digging into the boy's head

er, using the argument which I have ishing wall, startling the despairing behind, and the other pressing on his often heard since, and concluded by de-nouncing those engaged in the new "We have no food, James; I have had and clawed at the kettlen, but he could movement as meddlesome fanatics, who worked to break up the time-honored usages of good society, and injure the business of respectable men. At the enclusion of his remarks, the tavern- streaming eyes, and the feeble wall of ner grocery, Dick's mother was sent seeper and his friends got up a cheer, the child maddened me, and I—yes I— for, and the boy danced up and down and the current of feeling was evident- struck her a fierce blow in the face and cried. "Oh, golly!" without ceasing.

ly against the strangers and their plans. She fell forward upon the hearth. The While the pastor was speaking, the old man had fixed his eye upon him and leaned forward as if to catch every committed a wrong. I had never struck melt the kettle off, while everybody Mary before, but now some terrible im-As the pastor took his seat, the old man rose, his tall form towering in its well as I could in my drunken state, Dick roared "murder!" until they symmetry, and his chest swelling as he and I clenched both my hands in her stopped. Some said grease his head "God of mercy, James," exclaimed the boy's mother sat down on the curb-

was something awe-inspiring and grand in the appearance of the old man, as he flendish countenance, "you will not kill why did you do this?" stood with his full eye upon the audi- us, you will not harm Willie." And "I caught her again by the hair and Tears fell from the kettle, and a hollo

He bent his gaze upon the tavernseeper, and that peculiar eye lingered lifted the latch, the wind bursted in again." Finally they laid Richard on with a cloud of snow. With the yell of the walk, and while one man sat on his a fiend, I still dragged her on and hurand beneath his heavy cycbrows his ried her out into the storm. With a third compressed the kettle between his eye glittered and glowed like those of a wild ha! ha! I closed the door and hands and the boy crawled out, his nose this:--"A drunkard is the annoyance serpent. The tayern-keeper qualled be- turned the button. The babe was thrust all scratched and twisted out of shape, fore the searching glance, and I felt a out after the mother. By this time my a hole in his head, and a bump on his struction of reason, the brewer's agent relief when the old man withdrew his eldest son awakened from his slumbers forehead. His mother wildly embraced the alchouse benefactor, his wife's sorgaza. For a moment he seemed lost in thought, and then in a low and tremulation and loss tone he commenced. There was a lour tone he commenced the appear in their upper little Richard was led home to loaf around on the lounge and have toast live will been in my breeches you'd here. depth in that voice, a thrilling pathos by a name I was no longer fit to bear, and sweetness, which riveted every and locked his fingers into my side heart in the house, before the first pe- pocket. I could not wrench that frenriod had been rounded. My father's at- zied grasp away, and with the coolness the pavemet is wet and his boots are ingenuity, not only sincerely thanked night and told that his wife was dead tention had become fixed on the speak- of a devil, as I was, shut the door upon blackened. He says the blackening him but absolutely profited more by this He turned round drew the coveriet closer with an interest which I had never his arm, and with my knife severed it don't cost much, but his mother is get- short and whimsical sermon than by er, pulled his nighteap, and muttered, as stood to be writing an elegy on the

your village, and I trust I may call you swept sea. My father had risen from friends. A new star has risen, and his seat and was leaning forward, his cidentally to mention that the dancing there is a hope in the dark night, which countenance bloodless, and the large of Major Heeler's better half was like hangs like a pall of gloom over our drops standing out on his brow. Chills "the cavorting of a fly bitten cow in a creptback to my young heart, and I wish- field of cucumbers." The fact that the looked up, and I never have since be- may somewhat detract from the value held such mortal despair pictured upon of the simile, while at the same time it runkard can look and be helped; that intense. I first secured a drink of wa- editor to complain of the poetical na-She did so, saying:

"Now, sir, I expect you to apologize. every eye, and before I knew why, a dread. As the door opened, the snow his hat and left the room.

tear dropped upon my hand, followed by burst in, followed by the falling of others like rain drops. The old man something across the floor, scattering window: "Stop, you sir! you have not "All right; I'm going to do it in a

"My blood shot like red-hot arrows "What do you mean?" shouted the I am not. As God knows my own sad eyes to keep out the sight. It was-O, Major accenting the note of interrogation with a pistel buller. The answer was wafted back from

round the next corner. "Can't you see I'm looking for that

A Lost Lake Found.

"She had placed her hair over the face of the child, and the sleet had frozen it to the white cheek. The frost whatever became of my brave boy." Again the old man bowed his head and wept, and all that were in the house wept, and wept, and are wept, and are wept with him. My father sobbed like one day Stephen Pratt, then of Bennington, Vt., and two other gentlemen, were in delirium. I awoke; was sentenced pening to have hooks and lines in their could have been like those I endured in | wasn't some trout in the small brook not to enter the path that has been so their amazement, as they afterward expressed it themselves, it was filled with The old man sat down, but a spell as trout! They fished along up the stream deep and strong as that wrought by a few rods, and, to their utter astonish-some wizard's breath, rested upon the ment, came to the pond above mentionaudience. Hearts could have been heard ed. There they said the trout took hold crushed with sorrow, she went down to in their beating, and tears to fall. The too fast for sport! They caught more

there ten thousand times in blood if it has not been discovered until now.

dark a one to me."

The old man looked, wiped his counte "It is-no, it cannot be; yet strange," auttered the old man. 'Pardon me, sir, but that was the name of my brave

boy."
My father trembled, and held up his other's eyes, and they both reeled and

"My own injured son!" "My father!"

They fell upon each other's neck and

wept until it seemed their souls would grow and mingle into one. There was weeping in that church, and glad faces "Let me thank God for this grea

blessing which has gladdened my guilt-burdened soul!" exclaimed the old man and kneeling down he poured out his heart in one of the most melting prayand all eagerly signed the pledge, slowly going to their homes loth to leave the

The old man is dead; but the lesse taught his grand-child on his knee, as his evening sun went down without a cloud, will never be forgotten. His fanaticism has lost none of its fury in my manhood's heart.

A Boy in a Bad Fix.

It has never been settled to the satiscome will know all about Dick Palmer. "One New Year's night I returned of Detroit, who got inside of some mother sent him after a brass kettle rowed, and on his way home the boy

and some said grease the kettle, while

The crowd took it coolly; it wasn't ence, his teeth shut hard and a silence she sprang to the cradle, and grasped their funeral, and a boy with a brass kettle on his head isn't seen every day.

Chawles doesen't go out now when

A Apology.

The editor of a Western paper once accounts for his establishing the figure. the editor besought her to raise her veil.

"Apologize! I should rather think I would," was the answer, as he seized

The astonished Major rushed to the

A body of water, said to cover an area of two seres or more, has just been discovered on the top of one of the nountains in Glatsenbury. Some of the oldest inhabitants say that many years ago it was known to be there and was called the "Lost Pond," and that roaming about in the then seemingly

a moment with pen in the ink, a tear the next day. After a long march they old Methodist thunder! One good burst finally reached the road to town, where "Sign it, sign it, young man. Angels fatigued. They travelled all the next

Eccentric Sermon on the Word our churches, and it will kill Methodist

eral of whom meeting him on a journey they determined to make him preach in was worship. Yesterday's music was Pay for it! Come, now, that's pretty against drunkenness. On his replying in the affirmative, they insisted he should now preach from a text of their choosing. In vain did he remonstrate music. It will be worse with them than on the unreasonableness of expecting with us. It will make a greater length him to give them a discourse without of decline. We could hardly believe ed himself as follows:

"Beloved let me crave your attention am a little man, come at a short warn- thing, and the people did nothing. Our ing, to preach a short sermon, from a brethern in this church must not take small subject, in an unworthy pulpit, to these remarks unkindly. They are prea small congregation. Beloved, my text is MALT—I cannot divide it into The choir sang better than many choirs two words, it being but one; nor into in the city churches, but no one sang syllables it being but one; I must, therefore, of necessity divided it into letters, which I find to be these four-

M, A, L, T. My beloved, M, is moral, A, is allegorical, L, is literal, and T, is theological. The moral is set forth to teach drunkards good manners, therefore,

M, masters, A, all of yeu, L, fisten T, to my text. The allegorical is, when one thing which one of her neighbors had bor-rowed, and on his way home the boy thing spoken of is MALT; the thing turned the kettle upside down and put meant is the juice of Malt, which you it a drunkards make

A, apparel, L, little T, treasure.

A, ale, L, little T, thrift. The theological is according to the effects that it works; and these I find to be of two kinds :- First, in this world

Secondly, in the world to come. The effects that it works in thisworld are, M, murder, A, adultery, L, looseness of life, T, treason. And in the world to come, M, misery, A, anguish, L, lamntation, and T. torment. And so much for this time and text. I shall improve this, first, by way o

A, all of you, L, leave off T, tippling: Or, secondly, by way of excomm

A, all of you. L, look for T, torment.

Thirdly, by way of caution take of modesty, the spoil of civilty, the dethe monster of a man." He then concluded in the usual form; known it,"

and the young men, pleased with his A gentleman was awakened in the

TWO OCTOBER DAYS.

BY NATALIE. Walking slowly homeward On this sad October day. Careless of the dainty Leaves that round me lay—

Heeding not the hurring Crowd of passers-by— Not a smile to greet me, Nor glance from friendly eye, Echoing back the mosning Of each chill, shivering blast What cared I for the comfort Of happy homes I passed?

Walking quickly homeward On this bright October day, Leaves of gorgeous autumn Rustling in my way—

Many happy households Gleam with warmth and light, None of them so happy As my own home to-night.

Bright eyes near the window Watching long for me— Sweet mouth on the threshold Pressed so lovingly.

Prouder than a conqueror Seated on his throne, Am I at this moment, For—'tis all my own.

Happy hearts are throbbing
In two human breasts—
Love, the Giver, dwelling
There, a constant guest.

Love, the great Transformer, Worthy to adore! Not till ends eternity Will thy reign be o'er.

[By request of an old Methodist.]

with them. The people were mute.-

They used their ears and not their

mouths. But, alas! we missed the old

ment. Let an outsider, but a well-wish-

by its aervice in the cause of Christ;

and we have a right to it, and an inter-

est in it, as common Christians, too great to suffer us to see signs of degen-

eracy in it without sorrow and alarm. We

rope God means to do great things by

the channels of song, and carry away

the dead wood and trash which have

already dammed up the current of song,

and made the congregation stagnant.

O, there may be rain of righteousnes

upon them, which shall swell their

hearts to overflowing, and cleanse their

sanctuary from all formalism, and es-

A well-known Cincinnati whisky

drummer, who was in this city this

on this route averaged sixty barrels of

Johnny attends school, which will

still at work - Chillicothe Register

pecially from the formalism of pedan-

Tists of lovely sunset Ling'ring in the sky. Lighting up the maples Golden brilliancy.

Lights that streamed from window Seemed to mock my pain: Song, and cheer, and laughter Touched my ear in vain. this house.' I was lonely—lonely!
No bright home for me—
No sweet worf of welcome—
Naught but misery!

"Certainly if you want to. I haven't

like being thoroughly protected.

"I'll put up another, shall I?" asked Henry Ward Beecher on Methodist Singing. "Why, of course, if you think it best,"

ceit laughs at! Imagine my chagrin "It would make things safer, I supwhen after reading the hymn, up rose a pose," said Summers.
"Certainly it would. I'd better do it, choir from a shelf at the other end of the church, and began to sing a monot-

"Just as you think proper said Sumup meekly to be sung to, as men stand under rain when there is no other shel-

the music. How I longed for the good "Do what?" "Why, the job's finished, and now I'll of old fashioned music would have take my money."

"Of course I do. Didn't you tell me genteel. Gentility has nearly killed to put those rods on your house?" "My house!" shouted Summers. Churches, if they give way to its false "Thunder and lightning! I never orand pernicious ambition. We know dered you to put those rods up. It The Rev. Mr. Dodd, a very worthy very well what good, old-fashioned would have been ridiculous. Why man Methodist music was. It has faults this is the court house, and I'm here ious to many of the Cantabs by frequent- an inward purpose and a religious earn- on the Jury. You seemed to be anxly preaching against drunkenness; sev- estness which enabled it to carry all its jous to rush out your rods, and it was faults, and triumph in spite of them. It none of my business, I let you go ou-

Joe Bunk Growing Brave.

"Would you leave me and the children?" said she. "Why, yes, Polly, when my country calls it is my duty to leave wife, children, everything behind and obey the

fervor-the good, old-fashioned Methodist fire. We have seen the time when "But you might get sick."

such as they can." ranks.

as others do." bans might kill you."

ple. Your fire will go out if you take thought she had struck the right chord at last, and again pressed the remark with especial empha er, say these plain words without of-"Yes Joseph the Cubans might rush fense. The Methodist Church has laid the Christian world under a great debt kill you." upon you in the midst of battle and

"All right," sald Joe, a bright idea striking him, "all right, my honey, but

popular enthusiasm, in worship for the sake of sham propriety and tasteful forconclusion that he and the old man had malism, that the Methodist Church a slight missunderstanding. How to become practically acquain hope to see such revival of religion ted with the "Rule of Three"-live with among them as will come like a freshet your wife, mother and mother-in-law. upon their Churches, and sweep out

friends a charge to bail them out. The fellow was pulled baldheaded by

A judge recently interrupted a very

out of the jurisdiction of this court." that they may stretch out their necks at whisky, his sales on his recent trip were the finish and win the race is the latest

> The Kansas State Grange recently requested the legislature to pass a pro-hibitory liquor law. Forney's friend Gray is under

a handsome edifice standing in the midst of trees and shrubs and spoke to Mr. Summers who was sitting on the steps in front. He accosted Su

the owner of the residence, and said: " I see you have no lightning rods on "No," said Summers. "Are you going to put any on?"
"Well I hadn't thought of it," replied

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A Joke on the Lightning-Rod

Max Adler tells this story in the Phil-

Up in Blossburg, the other day, a

lightning-rod man drove up in front of

delphia Saturday Post.

"You ought to. A tall building like that is very much exposed. I'd like to run you up one of my rods; twisted steel glass fenders, nickle plated tipseverything complete. May I put one up to show you? I'll do the job

the slighteat objection," said Summers.

During the next halt hour the man had his ladders up and his assistant at work, and at the end of that time the job was completed. He called Summers into the yard to admire it. He said to "Now that is all well enough, but if

it was my house, I'd have another rod put on the other side. There's nothing "That's true," said Summers, "It would be better.'

said Summers,
Accordingly the man went to work "By the way I was at the Methodist

again and soon had the rod in its place. Church, here, yesterday morning. A "That's a first rate job," he said to very pleasant room it is, and I am told Summers, as they both stood eyeing it. "I was arrested, and for months raved interminable forests, trapping. Hapin delirium. I awoke; was sentenced pening to have hooks and lines in their bring against the good people of musilar down for a good thing. There's that a very worthy society occupy it. "I like such a man as you are. to prison for ten years, but no tortures pockets they determined to see if there cal apostasy. I had expected a treat of some pleasure in dealing with you, I my bosom. O God, no!—I am not a which they came across. After getting charles Wesley's hymns, and there everything in readiness they threw were the good old Methodist tunes that north end and one on the south, for good hearty singing. There were like you so much that I'd put a couple accient plety loved and modern conalmost nothing."

> hadn't I-hey!" onous tune of the medern music-book style. The patient congregation stood

> ter. Scarcely a lip moved. No one "There that's done. Now let's seemed to hear the hymn, or care for settle up.

> blown this modern singing out of the "You don't expect me to pay you, I windows, like wadding from a gun, hope?"

The Blossburg people say that the with apparent politeness, they asked Churches are beginning to imitate the manner in which the lightning-red man him if had not lately preached much former example of Methodist Churches, tore around town and swore was fear-

study and in such a place; they were determined to take no denial, and the word MALT was given him by way of text, en which he immediately deliver
study and in such a place; they were our eyes and ears yesterday. We could hardly persuade ourselves that we stood went home announcing his determination to volunteer in the Cuban war,—

His wife used various arguments to disbyterian or Congregational church; in suade him; but he had an answer for which the choir and pulpit did every all of them. Finally she brought the matter home to bim.

> "But look at the hardships you must "I can stand them as well as others

one of Charles Wesley's hymns, taking "Others get sick too-- I can stand as the congregation by the hand, would have led them up to the gate of heaven. "But you might be put in the front But yesterday it only led them up to

the choir, about en feet above pews "Well I guess I can stand it as well This will never do. Methodists will make magnificent worshipingChristians "But," screamed the wife, who could if they are not ashamed of their own see no use in Jee's stoicism, "the Cuways, but very poor ones if they are. Brethern you are in the wrong way. It will never do for you to silence the peo-

I guess I can kill as many of them as Whenever you see a small boy comt yet for our land. But it will not be ing out of a house with one hand on y giving up heart and soul, zeal and his eyes and the other ever the base-

> The reason that men are taken to the station-house when they are found in the street full of liquor, is to give their

his wife who said, "Dry goods are wo:shipped more in this world than the

flowery young orator with: "Hold on, Feeding race horses on soft rubber so

just two barrels. And the women are freak of the wooden nutmeg men. "Why are women like churches! Firstly, because there is no living withexplain the following short dialogue be- out one; secondly, because there is many tween him and his father: Johnny, I a spire to them; thirdly, because they are if you'd been in my breeches you'd have story.

ting old and lame, and can't handle a any serious discourse they had ever he went to sleep again: "Oh, how graveyard of his political aspiragrieved I shall be in the morning!"